

DELL
A DELL COMIC
A DELL COMIC

JUNE

10¢

The Lone Ranger

52 pages ALL COMICS!



the PLAINS INDIANS



WITH THE HORSE, HE COULD NOW ROAM FAR AFIELD IN SEARCH OF BUFFALO, DEER, AND OTHER WILD GAME. FOR CONVENIENCE, THE TRIBES WERE DIVIDED INTO SMALLER BANDS, THE PLAINS INDIAN SOON DEVELOPED THE PORTABLE SKIN TEEPEE AND WAS SOON DEVOTING MUCH MORE OF HIS TIME TO WAR.

THE DISCOVERY AND TAMING OF THE HORSE THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO COMPLETELY ALTERED THE MOOD OF THE PLAINS INDIAN'S LIFE. HE HAD BEEN LIVING IN PERMANENT VILLAGES BUILT OF LOGS AND CLAY. HE DEPENDS MOSTLY ON CORN AND VEGETABLES FOR FOOD SINCE FOOT TRAVEL PREVENT-

ED BRINGING IN LARGE AMOUNTS OF GAME THAN A LARGE DOG COULD DRAG. FURTHERMORE, IT WASN'T EASY TO FOLLOW THE WARPATH A-FOOT, ACROSS THE IMMENSE UNBROKEN RANGE OF THE WEST.



AS THE TRIBES CONTINUED TO COME IN FREQUENT CONTACT WITH EACH OTHER, THE SIGN LANGUAGE REACHED A REMARKABLE DEGREE OF DEVELOPMENT.



THE DESIGNS ON A PLAINS WARRIOR'S SHIELD WERE OFTEN BELIEVED TO BE STRONGER MEDICINE AGAINST ENEMY LANCES THAN THE TOUGH BULL BUFFALO HIDE ITSELF.

The Lone Ranger

AND THE CAMEL EXPEDITION



CERTAIN MEN ARE AGAINST THIS EXPERIMENT. OUR JOB IS TO FIND AND DEFEAT THOSE MEN, SO THE EXPEDITION FROM SAN ANTONIO TO CALIFORNIA WILL BE SUCCESSFUL.

WE'LL BREAK CAMP AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, TONTO, AND HEAD FOR SAN ANTONIO.



WHEN WE GET THERE, YOU'LL HAVE TO SCOUT AROUND, TONTO, AND SEE IF YOU CAN LEARN ANYTHING ABOUT THE MEN WHO OPPOSE THIS WORK.

THERE'S ONE OF THE CAMELS, KELSEY. IT'S OUR JOB TO BUST UP THAT EXPEDITION TO CALIFORNIA!

BUT WHY IS IT TO BE BUSTED UP?



THE 'FREIGHTIN' LINES DON'T WANT TO LOSE BUSINESS TO CAMELS, SO OUR JOBS TO PROVE THAT CAMELS ARE NO GOOD FOR TONTO' FREIGHT.

BAXTER, HAVE YOU GOT ANY IDEA HOW WE CAN KEEP THOSE CAMELS FROM REACHIN' CALIFORNIA?

ACK! YOU BET I HAVE, KELSEY.



WE'LL TALK IT OVER IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE CAFE!

THERE ARE THE CAMELS, TONTO. THE EXPEDITION WILL SOON GET UNDER WAY. IT'S UP TO US TO FIND WHO IS PLOTTING AGAINST IT.







TAKE IT EASY, TONTO. YOU'LL
BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW
MINUTES.



SOMEONE -
HIT -- HEAD!

THE MEN WHO FOUND YOU HAVE
GONE FOR A DOCTOR. STAY
RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE UNTIL
HE COMES.



WE ALL
RIGHT
NOW.

THE DOCTOR'S A LONG TIME
GETTING HERE.



THEY NOT GO FOR
DOCTOR.

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?



THOSE INDIAN MEN WHO HIT ME.
HE HEAR TALK OF PLAN TO
DEFEAT CAMEL EXPEDITION.



WE'LL STOP AT MY PLACE JUST LONG
ENOUGH TO PICK UP AN INDIAN BOW AND
ARROW, THEN GET OVER TO THE
CANYON.



HERE'S THE BOW AND ARROW, NOW
TO CUT DOWN SERGEANT BLAKE!



IS THAT THE
SOLDIER YOU
WANT TO KILL?

YES, YOU GET READY
WITH THE RIFLE IN
CASE I MISS WITH THE
BOW AND ARROW!





NOW FOR THE SECOND PART
OF MY PLAN.



WHAT IF WE NOT FIND
FELLER WHO PLOT
AGAINST CAMEL
EXPEDITION?

WE'LL GO TO STAN
BLAKE WHO'S IN
CHARGE OF THE
CAMEL EXPEDITION



WE'LL DISGUISE THOSE TWO
PLOTTERS AND THE SOLDIERS
CAN BE ON THE WATCH FOR
THEM.



IT'S HIGH TIME SERGEANT BLAKE
REPORTED WITH THAT CAMEL!

MR. BLAKE, LOOK WHAT'S COMING!



THIS IS THE CAMEL
SERGEANT BLAKE
WAS RIDING, SIR!

LOOK AT THIS RED
STAIN SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED TO THE
SERGEANT!



LOOK'S LIKE HE MET WITH
FOUL PLAY! ROUND UP A
SEARCH PARTY!



LOOK, TONTO A
SOLDIER! ARROW IN CHEST



HE'S DEAD!



FOLLOW THE BACK TRAIL OF SERGEANT
BLAKE'S CAMEL AND FIND OUT WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE SERGEANT!







SPREAD OUT AND FIND THAT MASKED MAN! THE SERGEANT'S KILLERS ARE GOING TO PAY!



THE MASKED MAN AND INDIAN MUST BE FOUND AT ALL COSTS!



WE'LL HAVE TO TRAVEL FAST. IT WILL SOON BE DARK!



RIDE HARD, TEND, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF THOSE MURDERERS AFTER DARK!



SUN GO DOWN NOW.

IF DARKNESS OVERTAKES US, WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL MORNING TO TAKE UP THE TRAIL!



SAY, BAXTER, WHY'D WE COME HERE TO RED STAR'S VILLAGE?

AIN'T YOU GUESSED IT, KELSEY? SOON AS IT GETS DARK, WE WORK OUT THE SECOND PART OF OUR SCHEME TO WRECK THE OWEL EXPEDITION, BY TURNIN' ALL THOSE REDSKINS TO THE WARRIOR!



I STILL DON'T BAWY YOUR SCHEME. FIRST YOU KILLED THE ARMY SERGEANT WITH AN INDIAN ARROW. NOW YOU'RE WRITIN' TO MOVE IN ON THE INDIAN VILLAGE.



YOU'LL SWAY MY SCHEME WHEN YOU SEE WHAT I'VE GOT HERE IN THIS PACKAGE!



WHAT'S THAT DAXTER?



CAMEL HAIR. I CUT IT OFF ONE OF THE ARMY CAMELS.



FOR WHAT?

WHEN IT'S PITCH DARK, WE MOVE INTO THE INDIAN VILLAGE AN' LEAVE SOME OF THIS CAMEL'S HAIR IN THE WIGWAM OF CHIEF RED STAR'S SON.



THAT WIGWAM'S WHERE THE SON OF CHIEF RED STAR SLEEPS.



WE'LL KILL THE SON OF RED STAR AN' BLAME IT ON THE SOLDIERS OF THE CAMEL EXPEDITION!



HERE'S ANOTHER HOOF MARK, TONTO. THE MEN WE'RE TRAILING WENT THIS WAY.



I'M SURE THEY'RE THE ONES WHO KILLED THE ARMY SERGEANT AND TRIED TO PLACE THE BLAME ON RED STAR AND HIS TRIBE.

CROOKS MAKE TROUBLE BETWEEN INDIAN AND SOLDIER



TROUBLE THAT MAY LEAD TO WAR UNLESS WE CAN PREVENT IT.



IF THOSE MEN WERE FOLLOWING, KEEP GOING IN THIS DIRECTION, THEY'LL REACH RED STAR'S VILLAGE.



THEN SOLDIER'S PLANT'SURE INDIANS KILL SERGEANT WHO RIDE ON CAMEL



I'LL MAKE SURE THIS IS WHERE RED STAR'S SON IS SLEEPING.



RED STAR'S SON. THIS IS THE MAN WE WANT!



THE CAMEL'S HORN WILL TELL RED STAR WIND TO BLAME FOR THE MURDER OF HIS SON.



WE'RE ALMOST TO RED STAR'S VILLAGE, TOMTO!



THAT POOR REDSKIN NEVER DID ANYTHING. THE DESERAT BENT STABBED IN HIS SLEEP!



COME ON, KELSEY, I'M DONE FOR THE SON OF RED BAW.



WE'LL TAKE HIM TO A CAVE I KNOW ABOUT.



YOU LEFT THE CAMEL HAIR IN THE WIGWAM?



YEAH, THE INDIANS WILL FIGURE THAT THE CAMELS AND THE SOLDIERS HAD A HAND IN THE MURDER OF THE CHIEF'S SON.



NOW THAT IT'S DARK, WE CAN RESUME THE TRAIL.

THE SERGEANT WAS KILLED BY AN INDIAN ARROW.



THAT'S RIGHT, AND THE KILLER'S TRAIL LEADS TO THE INDIAN VILLAGE.



IF THOSE INDIANS WANT WAR, WE'LL GIVE IT TO THEM!



MORE CAMEL'S HAIR, EH, BAXTER?

YEAH, NOW WE'VE GOT ONE MORE MOVE TO MAKE, THEN OUR PART OF THE PROGRAM IS FINISHED.











BUT IT'S TRUE! THESE WHITE MEN WANT TO MAKE WAR BETWEEN YOU AND THE INDIANS, SO YOU'LL NOT BE ABLE TO START ON YOUR CAMEL EXPEDITION!



WE'LL INVESTIGATE YOUR STORY AFTER YOU ARE UNWASHED AND IN CUSTODY! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!



DISARM AND UNWASH THIS MAN AND TAKE HIM AND HIS INDIAN FRIEND IN CUSTODY!



ONE MOMENT, BEALE!



THOUGH YOU FOLLOWED OUR TRACKS, TONTO AND I DID NOT KILL YOUR SERGEANT!



THE KILLERS ARE WITH RED STAR AND HIS INDIANS -- AND THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE GOING --



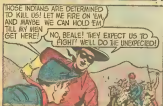
YOU THINK YOU CAN MAKE ME GO TO RED STAR'S VILLAGE?

YES, AND YOUR TROOPERS AS WELL!









RED STAR! I COME TO TALK AND NOT TO FIGHT!



WAIT, RED STAR! I WANT POWWOW!



GO AHEAD, RED STAR! THOSE ARE ENEMIES! KILL 'EM!



CHIEF, WE KNOW YOUR SON HAS BEEN MURDERED. IN THE SAME WAY, ONE OF THE SOLDIERS HAS BEEN MURDERED. THIS HAS BEEN DONE BY ENEMIES TO START WAR!



SOLDIERS WHO USE CAMELS DID NOT KILL YOUR SON! I'LL SHOW YOU WHO KILLED YOUR SON.



THE SAME MEN KILLED A SOLDIER AND TRIED TO PUT BLAME ON YOUR PEOPLE!



YOU MEDDLER!





The Lone Ranger

AND THE IDAHO KID'S RIFLE

STORY BY BILL FOSTER
ART BY JACKSON L. BROWN





ONE STEP CLOSER, AND I'LL SHOOT!
AND AT THIS DISTANCE I CAN'T
MISS!



I'LL BLAME SOON FIND OUT WHO
SHE'S HOLDING A GUN ON!



I'LL TAKE
THOSE GUNS!



I SAW YOU TAKE THE GUNS FROM
YOUR FATHER'S COLLECTION. I
KNEW HE NEVER KEPT THEM
LOADED.



MAYBE THAT GUN WASN'T LOADED
MISTER, BUT THIS ONE IS!



GET 'EM UP
MISTER!

JIM, HE'S NAKED!
HE'S AN OUTLAW!



TAKE HIS GUNS, SHERIFF. THEN
I'LL UNMASK HIM AND MARCH
HIM TO JAIL!



YOU'LL FIND THAT, AS
A SHERIFF, JIM
TYLER CAN BE AS
TOUGH AS MY DAD!

YOU'RE THE FIRST
CROOK THAT'S
DRIFTED INTO
TOWN SINCE
BATES DIED.



WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU WILL BE
A LESSON TO EVERY OUTLAW
IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY!





















CLEAR OUT TONTTO,
SO I CAN SEE WHAT
HAPPENS TO THE RIFLE!



I'M ALL RIGHT. I'M IN THE CYCLONE
CELLAR. DON'T LET ON YOU KNOW
I'M HERE!



BE CAREFUL, TONTTO, I
THINK YOU'RE BEING
WATCHED!



WHO
WATCH-UM
ME?

THE CROOKS WHO WANT
THE IDAHO KIDS RIFLE!



THAT RIFLE HAS MYSTERIOUS VALUE.
I WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT IT!



THE INDIAN IS LEAVING, SLIM. NOW WE
CAN GET THAT RIFLE!



I DON'T SEE ANYBODY ELSE
AROUND! LET'S GET GOING!



THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET
THAT EXTRA-SPECIAL RIFLE!



HERE'S THE RIFLE, SLIM. AN' JUST
LIKE I TOLD YA, IT'S NOT BURNED
A...







---WE GOT WHAT WE WANT!
WE GOT THE RIFLE!



YOU ALIVE! YES, TONTO. BUT
MY PLAN FAILED!

I WANTED TO SEE WHAT WOULD
HAPPEN. THEN SLM AND FLAT-
NOSE CAME TO SEARCH FOR
THE RIFLE OF THE IDAMO KID.



THAT WHAT YOU
EXPECT?

YES, TONTO. BUT THOSE
CROOKS SAW ME BEFORE
I COULD LEARN WHY THEY
WANTED THAT RIFLE SO
BADLY.



WHY RIFLE NOT
BURN IN FIRE? THIS ANOTHER
MYSTERY WE
MUST SOLVE!



WHERE'S SLM?



HIM AT SHERIFF'S
HOUSE. SUE THERE,
TOO.



LET'S GO!

JIM! OUR MISSED FRIEND! GET YOUR
HORSE, JIM! WE'RE
GOING AFTER
THE IDAMO KID'S
RIFLE.



HIS HORSE
IS AS GLAD TO
SEE HIM AS
WE ARE.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE FIRE DIDN'T
BURN THE WOODEN STOCK OF THE RIFLE.



NEITHER CAN I, JIM. AND I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND WHY THOSE CROOKS
WOULD RISK THEIR LIVES TO GET
THAT RIFLE.







I'LL GET THAT MASKED HOMBRE!



WATCH THEM, TONTO. I'M GOING TO LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT RIFLE!



JIM, YOU NOT DEAD!

I WAS JUST WOUNDED, TONTO. I SEE YOU'VE GOT THE CROOKS!

AND SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE IDAHO KID'S RIFLE.



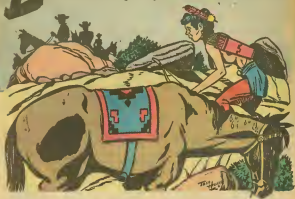
THE IDAHO KID CONVERTED ALL HIS LOOT INTO DIAMONDS, AND HID THEM IN THE STOCK OF HIS RIFLE. IT WAS A SPECIAL STOCK MADE OF METAL. THAT'S WHY IT DIDN'T BURN!



--SO, HONEY, THOSE CROOKS ARE IN JAIL, AND MOST OF THE IDAHO KID'S VICTIMS WILL RECOVER THEIR LOSSES.

AND THE LONE RANGER--HE LEFT WITHOUT EVEN WAITING FOR THANKS!

LITTLE MAN'S MADNESS.



For off across the painted desert, LITTLE MAN saw the plume of dust. A white man's eyes could not have picked it out—much less told the direction in which it was moving. But the eyes of a Navajo scout are hard to fool.

That tiny dust cloud meant horses—and the horses were almost certainly ridden by enemies. White soldiers—or perhaps an Apache war party! In any case, they were moving in a direction that would bring them close to Little Man's own party.

The boy—for he was only sixteen—knew his duty. The band of fifty Navajo warriors to which he belonged was bringing home eight hundred sheep, taken in a bold raid against the Pueblos. If surprised and forced to fight, they might lose their booty, if not

their lives. It was the business of Little Man and the other far-riding scouts to see that such a disaster didn't happen.

Little Man's knee pressed hard against his pony's shoulder. The wiry roan turned down into a shallow gully. Hidden from view of the distant riders, he broke into a run.

Little Man knew how to take advantage of every perkie (dry wash), every dip in the desert's floor, every bush, and hillock. Half an hour later, he slid off the roan's sweaty back and crawled to the top of a rise of ground. His bow was in his hand, ready strung. In his quiver of antelope skin were fifteen flint-headed arrows. . . .

Cautiously he lifted his head! There were the riders, just where he had expected them to be. They were a troop of

Federal cavalry in blue tunics, white cartridge belts, and dusty black boots—a part of the small army that had been hunting the Navajos for weeks! In a few minutes THEIR scouts would spot the party of Little Man's friends, unless—

There were two things the Navajo boy could do. He could glide back to his horse, as silently as a desert rattlesnake, and ride to warn his people. They could escape then, or fight from ambush until forced to run. In which case the sheep would be lost. Rage set Little Man's pulse pounding at the very thought of that! The other choice was plain madness—but he took it, without counting the cost.

Drawing six arrows from his quiver, he laid five of them on the ground and the sixth on his bowstring. He rose to one knee. A clump of sagebrush almost completely hid him from view of the white horsemen. The range was a little more than a hundred yards.

Little Man drew the bowstring to his ear—and let fly. Six times in rapid succession his short bow twanged, and an arrow arched up out of the desert sand. Before the first shaft struck, the last was in the air. And Little Man was darting back toward his waiting pony.

Yells and a gunshot told that one or more of his arrows had drawn blood. The soldiers could not see him yet—but they soon would. Skirmishers, tracing back the flight of the arrows, would

spot his pony's dust. By that time he must be out of rifle range, or else—!

The rattle of rifle fire behind him came sooner than Little Man expected it would. His horse flinched—hit somewhere by a leaden slug. Desperately Little Man's glance searched the ground ahead. With his pony wounded—even if not badly—he could not hope to outrun the cavalry troop's best thoroughbreds. He must find cover—hide his trail, as only a desert Indian knows how to do.

A "perkie" with sides as steep as a wall and crooked as a snake's track cut the earth ahead of him. It was a bad risk, but the only one that offered any hope at all. At a spot where the sharp-edged bank had crumbled, Little Man set his horse back on its haunches and down into the wash. Bullets chipped the hard-baked earth, mere inches from his head. Then—for a few moments, the "perkie" hid him.

The brave little roan was weakening. The bullet had entered his rump. He might live—but Little Man wouldn't. Not unless he found a place to hide until the hunt had passed.

Suddenly the boy saw it—a hole in the ground, where a shallower gully entered the deep wash. The white soldiers were not yet in sight. Barely slowing the roan's gallop, Little Man gathered himself and dived.

Dust spurted as the boy's hands hit the side of the small gully. Then he was





crawling, swift as a lizard, into the hole beneath the overhanging bank. It was a tiny opening—one that might have appealed to a den-hunting coyote. But once inside, Little Man's slim body found plenty of room. Flood water from the spring rains had cut a deep little cave in the clay-like soil. Little Man was silently congratulating himself, when—

The roof caved in! At least a part of it did, as a trooper's horse leaped the gully and landed on it. The next instant the horse scrambled out, its rider shouting angrily. The pounding hoofs of the others drowned out the small sound of Little Man's coughing. The hoofs of a whole cavalry troop!

Little Man's eyes, throat, and lungs seemed full of dust. At first he thought he was suffocating, buried alive. Then a breath of clean air entered his mouth, from somewhere. He was safe!

After a time two cavalrymen returned, still searching. But they missed the caved-in den completely. When they had gone, the boy dug his way out.

Standing there in the clean desert sunshine, Little Man treated himself to a joyful whoop. His madness had paid off. The troop was headed now in the wrong direction to cut the Navajos' trail. They had supposed Little Man would flee toward his friends, instead of away from them.

Now it was a matter of making his way home on foot, through enemy ter-

ritory. A dangerous business! But perhaps he might make it profitable. If he could locate an Apache camp, it might be possible to run off, not one, but MANY horses at night! That would be something to tell dark-eyed Boh Chee the next time he met her among the peach trees of his people's home canyon. A horse raid, single handed would make him a man and a warrior!

... But first he must find his wounded pony, and recover his rope.

Little Man rounded a bend of the deeper wash, and stopped with a grunt of anger. There lay his faithful roan, dead—riddled with bullets! The white soldiers had made sure of leaving him afloat. Little Man salvaged the rope of Mexican maguey fibre, his anger building up. He recalled the black prophecies of his tribe's chief men—that these white-skinned foreigners were spreading over the whole country like a swarm of locusts. Already they had gained, by sharp bargains, broken promises, and bloody warfare most of the land in the Red Man's world. Never, never would they be able to conquer the mighty mountains and canyons of the Navajos! But here on the open desert they were a threat to every Indian.

"They must be made to pay!" muttered Little Man through his teeth. "I will follow their trail now! Tomorrow—or next week—I will run off the WHITE MEN'S horses. The Apacher can wait!"

YOUNG HAWK

WAUGH! CLIMB!
YOU, TOO --
LAZY GIRL!

CAPTURED BY A STRANGE
TRIBE, LITTLE BUCK AND
WHITE FAWN ARE FORCED
TO CARRY BUILDING BLOCKS
UP A HIGH CLIFF.

I'M SO TIRED I CAN
HARDLY KEEP
FROM FALLING.
LITTLE BUCK.

AS TOO WHITE
FAWN -- BUT
DON'T GIVE THESE
SLAVE-DRIVERS
ANY MORE EXCUSE
TO BEAT US!

IF ONLY YOUNG
HAWK WERE ALIVE.
HE'D FIND A WAY
TO SET US FREE.

MORE STONES! HURRY!
IT'S GROWING DARK!

SLOWLY SLOWLY THE STONE
WALLS OF MANY BUILDINGS RISE
WITHIN THE GREAT, SHALLOW CAVE.

WAUGH!
HURRY!

I DON'T THINK I
CAN MAKE ANOTHER
TRIP! I'D RATHER DIE!

AUGH! WHILE
THERE'S LIFE
THERE'S HOPE.
WHITE FAWN.

QWH! WHERE DID THAT DROP FROM?

IT'S A PICTURE - OF A YOUNG HAWK - LEAVING ITS NEST! OH, OH, OH! IT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!



LITTLE BUCK--LOOK WHAT FELL AT MY FEET JUST NOW! YOUNG HAWK IS ALIVE!



YOU-YOURE DREAMING!

STOP CHATTERING AND GET TO WORK, YOU LITTLE FOREIGNERS! YOU UNDERSTAND ME!



UGH! OLD SQUAW TALKS LIKE A MAGPIE.

AIE!

YOUNG HAWK IS ALIVE - AND NEAR US! THAT MEANS WE'LL FIND A WAY TO HELP US ESCAPE -



PERHAPS TONIGHT! OH, LITTLE BUCK - I DON'T FEEL TIRED ANY MORE.

THAT EVENING, EVEN THE HALF-BRED CORNMAID CRIED THAT ARE THEIR BURGER TASTE GOOD TO THE HOPEFUL, HUNGRY YOUNGSTERS.



WE'RE NOT VERY FAR FROM THE TRAIL TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF, LITTLE BUCK.



UGH! BUT WE COULDN'T REACH IT WITHOUT MAKING THESE OLD SQUAWS.

BUT BELOW, IN THE DARKNESS OF THE CANYON, YOUNG HAWK HAS A PLAN TO TRY.



A-HUCK! UMMPH! IF THE WALL OF THIS GRIND SHIN DOESN'T DO SOMETHING WHEN IT LANDS IN THAT CROWD, I'LL BE-GIFF AHHE!

LATER THEIR HOPES SANK AGAIN.





A MOMENT LATER THREE SCOUTS SILENTLY START THE DESCENT.





HARD UPON THE ENEMY'S CRY OF PAIN, YOUNG HAWK'S WARWHOOP ECHOES THROUGH THE CANYON.





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YOUNG HAWK...

